



broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "That's quite enough—I hope I sha'n't grow any more—As it is, I ca'n't get out at the door—I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

Alas! It was too late to wish that! She went on growing, and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor: in another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up

THE RABBIT SENDS IN  
the chimney, and said to her  
no more, whatever happens  
of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little  
now had its full effect, and  
still it was very uncomfortable  
seemed to be no sort of cha  
ting out of the room again,  
unhappy.

"It was much pleasanter at  
Alice, "when one wasn't alway  
smaller, and being ordered  
rabbits. I almost wish I had  
rabbit-hole—and yet—and y  
ous, you know, this sort of  
what *can* have happened to m  
read fairy tales, I fancied that  
happened, and now here I a  
one! There ought to be a bod  
that there ought! And when  
one—but I'm grown up now,"  
rowful tone: "at least there'  
up any more *here*."

"But then," thought Alice  
any older than I am now? T  
one way—never to be an old